COMPTON PLACE.

Fair beeches, though your brother trees In forests stand so proud, Yet here the fierce winds from the seas So off your heads have bowed, That still, when softer airs prevail, Your tops seem bending from the gale. With salt dews from the sea-feam wet, By many a tempest torn, carred trunks and twisted limbs show yet What terrors ye have borne;

What terrors ye have borne; Nor any years can now undo What the past years have done to you.

Yet, when the Spring is in the land, And bright the heaven o'erhead, In sullen gloom ye will not stand. Though life's best hopes be dead; New leaves break forth from buds unseen, Till all the wood is clothed in green. Fair souls, that from your high intent By bitter fate are barred.

Though past all hope your lives be bent.
And past all healing scarred;
Yet learn of these, to do as theyNot what ye would, but what ye may!
F. W. BORUDILLON.

AN UNFORESEEN CONCLUSION

NEW-YORK; SCENE ALWAYS IN MR. GERARD'S HOUSE IN TOWN.

A Drawing room : MISS GERARD, MISS PHILLIPS : then MRS. GERARD.

Miss Gerard—'Come in here, Aunt Belle. Isn't it odd that in so large a house there is no place to take you but this room, which is neither cosey nor comfortable, and where we are hable to be broken in upon at any moment? However, ceremonious visitors never appear before lanch, and Pilishut all the doors—(bustling about, and shuttling and locking doors)—so that no one can overhear us behind these treacherous portières. It is so chilly, Pili light the fire—(applying a match.) How horrified mamma would be! It's strange it spite of papa's prosperity and years of lavish expenditure, she still clings to former petty economies. For instance, we are to have a fire here only at night. She irritates me so with these odions little restrictions. They are absurd, perfectly absurd, and I take a maticious pleasure in thwarting her.

Miss Phillips, in crisp little tones—You are a medel daughter—there's no denying that.

Miss G., still hovering over the fire—lau't this blaze obsering? If there is anything I dote on, it is an open fire. Come, Aunt Belle, cease your mild satire: take this low chair, and be comfortable.

Miss G.—Nonsense! You've had nice things ever

Miss P., in spite of her efforts, slightly discomfitted

Never mind. You are the individual at present
under discussion. What are you going to do with

Mr. Ham'lton King?

Miss G., with a sigh—Oh, there's nothing new to

Miss G., with a sigh—Oh, there's nothing new to tell. He comes constantly here, and when he's not here we meet him somewhere else. You cannot judge him by an ordinary standard; he has a de voted deferential manner to all women. It is no intention to deceive, but a homage to the sex. He bows low, and stands before my grandmother as if she were his patron saint; and te my little cousin Bess, who is so tresome with her Latin, so awkward and high-shouldered, he actually has a chivalne air. It is his way, that's all you can say about ward and high-shouldered, he actuarly has a chivary ric air. It is his way, that's all you can say about it, and a charming way, but apt to mislead. When I imagine I am going to succumb, I brace myself with these reflections, and call up reminiscences of Mr. Gray Mr. Gray was not haif so ntiractive, to be sure; but I liked him, (with a sigh), be suited

Miss P., a little contemptuously-Yet you would Miss P., a little contemptuously—Yet you would not brave poverty for his sake?

Miss G., with conviction—Anot Belle, I have common sease. If I have nothing else, I have inherited from my father good common sense; and marriage was out of the question. He had lived in luxury all his life. So had I. He did not know how to do one useful thing—neither do I. Do you think we would have kept on loving each other in our garret? Of course I see by your face you know we wouldn't. I'm no piece of perfection.

Miss P.—That you certainly are not (with emphasis).

phasis).
Misa G.—Take care! They say in the family that I get my fine spirit (sarcastically) from my father's half-sister, Misa Isabel Phillips.
Miss P.—It's a pity you have not inherited some

Miss P.—It's a pity you have not inherited some of my good qualities.

Miss G., kneeling by her side, and embracing her with effusion—That's a_fact; it's a great pity. You are the noblest, most unselfish woman I ever knew; and yet. Aunt Helle, with all your attractions, you know you are not popular (regarding her plaintively). People are afraid of you! (with sudden energy.). Everybody is afraid of you, except me. You have no smooth ways; on the contrary, the civillest commonplaces seem to irritate you.

Miss P.—They do! (with animated asperity.) I hate them. When people say, 'I'm glad to see you!' they he; a coarse word, but expressive. I am not glad to see them; why should they be glad to see me! The world is composed of fools and knaves. I am in it against my will; and I'd be very glad to get out of it, if I were not afraid, as the Inshman said, 'that I might go further and fare worse.'

Miss G., drawing away and regarding her—You are downright wicked. You are worse than the 'lews, hereties and infidels.'

are downright wicked. You are worse than the 'Jews, heretics and infidels.'

Miss P., flercely—Did I ever pretend to be good?

Do I make any pretence at goodness?

Miss G., kissing her fondly—You certainly don't; but you make great pretences at budiness, and belie yourself horribly.

belt yourself horribly.

Mise P.—Blauche, get up from your knees—sit down in that char (pointing to one opposite her), and tell me a little about yourself and Mr. King. If I have people in general, I have a slight partiality for you. Do you like him very much?

Miss G.—I think I should, if I were sure be cared for me; and—(nesitating a little)—if it were not for Mr. Gray.

Mise P.—Hang Mr. Gray! How horrifled your mother would be at the expression! He is dead

Miss P.—Hang Mr. Gray! How horrified your mother would be at the expression! He is dead and buried, as far as you are concerned. Would it disappoint you if Mr. King never came to the point? Miss G., with animation—Indeed it would. Everybody thinks he is serious in his attentions, and I have begun, a little, to think so myself. He has so many attractive points (musing). In the first place, he is not in the least degree snobbish.

Miss P. rolls up her eyes and holds up her hands—Oh, oh! and you profess to dislike snobbishness!

Miss G., astonished—Why not? Of course I dishke it. Who does not?

When you are the very incarnation of it. The whole family are filled with it; you

yourseif! The whole family are filled with it; you most of all.

Miss G.—Aunt Belle, that's an awfully unkind out. Where do I show snobbishness?

Miss P.—In every way. You will not go to see this person or that, because she lives in unrashion she streets. I don't believe that anything would tempt you so call upon your dearest friend, if she were in a boarding-house; of course you wouldn't. Remember that pretty Mrs. Mason, whem you were so fond of in the country. You were glad enough to go to her istes when you were a little triste in your home at Tryoli, and you hang round, adored her, and raved about her to me. They less their property, or something, come to New-York, and go to a boarding-house, and I're heard no more of that tharming Mrs. Mason.

Miss G., holding down her head with an air of ding down her head with an air of

defeat and dejection-I do so hate a boarding-Miss P.—Of course you do. You are a regular snob! If Mrs. Mason is perfect and deligntful in prosperity, she is none the less perfect and delightful in adversity. On the contrary, you should pay ten visits in the latter case where you would one in the former.

Miss G., placking up a little spirit—That's not the

Miss G., plucking up a little spirit—That's not the way of the world.

Miss r.—It's the way of some people in the world. There are the Taylors. Mr. Taylor died and they lost all their property, and are living in the most beggarly way at a boarding-house opposite my appartement. Extelle Hungerford's carriage stands every day at their door. In the midst of her exciting, gay, hurried life she finds time to come. She takes them for a drive sometimes, brings little delicacies—Mrs. Taylor is an invalid—flowers, books, everything she dare bring them she does. Imagine the comfort of these vivits to those poor depressed women. It keeps up their self-respect and their faith in human nature, and of course it has some effect on their landlady. Estelle is sure of her position, and is not afraid of compremising herself (saturically).

Miss G., with tears in her eyes—Aunt Belle, you are very hard. I'm not afraid of compromising myself.

myself,
Miss P.—You are a little nervous, however, about

Miss P.—You are a little nervous, however, about our great-grandfather, who was in trade
They were interrupted by a rattling and banging at the doors; each door is tried and abandoned.
Mrs. G.—Blanche! Is it you? Who has locked up the drawing-room in this extraordinary man ner? Baptiste, look! Perhaps there are burglars! (in an alarmed, fretful voice.)
Miss G., with an air of consternation—Mamma!—(opens the door. A languid, delicate-looking woman, with her bonnet on and very much wrapped up, comes in.)

woman, with her bonnes on and very much wrapped up, comes 'u.)

Mis. G., in a hysterical, irritable tone—Why have you locked all the doors. Blanche I How silly to barricade yourself in this way! (Miss Gerard preserves a nutinous silence.) How glad I am that I returned from my drive before you left, Belle! (kissing Miss Phillips.) I wouldn't have missed you for the world. I am such a miserable invalid that I must take the air twice a day (affectedly). Now, stay to lunch; do. You are so sought after that it is wonderful good fortune to have got hold of you. You shall stay! (seizing her hand.)

Miss P., with a frigid air—Oh, thank you; but I've been out for hours, and have, a great many things to do—engagements

Mrs. G., following her to the door—I envy you the return to the elegant refinements of your rooms; no care; your life is periect repose. Sorry you must go tin a drawling tone).

Miss Phillips disappears almost in a run.

The air of the large drawing-room is festive and The air of the large drawing-room is festive and cheerini. It is biazing with light, A wood fire burns brightly on the hearth, and all kinds of pretty receptacles contain flowers, which send forth delicate edors. Mr. King has just presented a superb cluster of roses, with a gallant air, to Miss Gerard, who receives it with a smile. Miss Gerard is sitting by a table, on which is a French lamp, with some crimson knitting in her hands, taiking to her friend, Miss Dunlop. Two children are playing checkers in a corner, and Bessie Fairentild is at the extreme end of the room, her prety head, shoulders up to her ears, bent over her Latin. A large l'ernian cat basks on a rag before the fire.

Will married your second consin. Frankly, I mean just that.

Miss G.—I don't care—in fact. I like to be considered for my money and family. Let me have every possible advantage.

Mr. K. with animation—Now. I must tax you with hypocrisy—you, who have reigned over us so long to doubt your personal influence!

Miss G., in a burst of confidence—For all that, I think very few people really like me.

Mr. K.—Perhaps they are a little afraid of you, and dare not show you how much they like you.

Miss G., with inward horror—I actually seem to have been huring him to the paint (aloud, in a sarcastic tone): Dubicos compliments! I am sure this is a dubious compliment. Afraid of me! (with apparent indignation). Fear is such an agreeable sentiment to inspire!

Mr. K.—Now you look dangerous! There's no telling what you may say next. I must beat a re-

Mr. K.—Now you look dangerous: Interes he telling what you may say uest. I must beat a retreat while I can with honor, and heat my wounds with grateful glances from little Bessie's eyes. I'm going to help her with her Latin lesson. (He rises, hows himself past the older ladies, and aits down by Bessie Fairchild, who makes room for him on the sofa with shy delight.) Where are we now? Is Virgil abandoned?

sofa with say delight.) Where are we how it is Virgil abandoned?

Bessie Yes, Fin in Horaco, and it's so much harder (with a little groan). What is this word. Mr. King? I can't find it in the dictionary, and haven't the least casw. (For some time they are very busy over the Latin.)

Mr. K.—Now we deserve a little recreation. Bessie, go and get the cat. (Bessie brings the large write cat. He teases and plays with it. Bessie

Bessie, go and get the cat. (Ressie brings the large white cat. He teases and plays with it. Bessie shows her dimples and her little white even teath, her cheeks are flushed, and her dark eyes gleam with pleasure, she puts the cat on the floor, and dances about—it lazily follows her.) Mr. K.—

Her feet beneath her petticest,
like little mice, stole in and out.

beautiful slippers?

B.—Aren't they beautiful slippers? (She sits down and holds two very minute feet for inspection. Miss Gerard, regarding them, reflects:) I certainly must speak to Bessie. She is growing

coquettish.

Mr. K.—You are still pleased with a rattle, Bessie.

B. draws in her-feet and looks read. Mr. K.—You are still pleased with a rattle. Bessle.
B. draws in her feet and loo's ready to cry—
Every one thinks I am childish; and you, too, Mr.
King—do you really think I am childish? (with a pleading glance.)
Mr K.-I think you are (charming, he was about

Mr K.—I think you are (charming, he was about to say) everything that's nice.

B.—You don't really! (with delight.) I can't believe it. I am criticised, and found so much fault with (sighling. Mr King curions and a little indignant. She, quick to interpret); of course in this house they look apon me as their very own, and they are just as kind as possible; but they must tutor and criticise. That is what mamma sent me here for—to be improved.

Mr. K.—What do they say, Bessie?

B.—That I don't mind how I look—have no taste in dress, you know—that I sirrug my shoulders up to my cars, and waik very badly.

Mr. K.—What else?

B. trying to think—Oh, that I'm pedantic, always

to my cars, and waik very badly.

Mr. K.—What else?

B. trying to think—Oh, that I'm pedantic, always talking about my Latin, and the 'immortal bard,' Shakespeare (with a smile), and that I'll be a regular bors in society—all the men will run away from me. We had an aont who was frightfully learned; and they do scare me dreadfully when they say I'm like her. She was a positive Cornella blimber! (with a terrified face.

Mr. K.—Now, Bessie (torgetting his scruples as to flattering her). I'll just say this—if you are pedantic you'll make pedantry charming. All the feminine world will begin to discuss Greek particles. If you are high-shouldered, it will be considered irresistible; every one will adopt that piquant shrug.

B. Interrupting and perturbed—Oh, Mr. King, don't make fun of me, please! I have always thought you were interested in my latin, and didn't mind my high shoulders. You've been so good to me, and I supposed you were a friend (subsiding into a lachrymose mood).

Mr. K.—Your aunt is coming, and I've only time for one wise speech—don't wish yourself anything but just what you are.

MISS GERARD, MISS PHILLIPS. MISS GERARD, MISS PHILLIPS.

Miss G.—Aunt Belle (seizing her and drawing her into the library). I'm so glad you've come. This time I nave really something to tell. Wait until I've locked the door. Sit down. (Drawing a note from a little bag, and giving it to Miss Phillips to read). There, you see he has been here this morning. I was unfortunately out; but he must meet me immediately, he has something special to say. As Baptiste told him I'd be in at funcheon, he is to come at 1 o'clock, and wishes a private interview. Oh, Aunt Belle (clasping her hands), what shall 1 do?

Miss P., brusquely—I never should require to be told. n — er such erremustances, what so do!

Miss G., rolling up her eyes—But Mr. Grav! I'm worldly, you say, snobbish and contemptible; but Mr. Gray seems firmly rooted in my worldly, snobbish and contemptible heart.

Miss P., impatiently—But you cannot, you say, marry Mr. Gray. Are you going to live unmarried! Miss G., emphatically—Not for worlds! Now, Aunt Belle, be a little sympathizing. You have such changing moods; sometimes so hard, then again so gentle and tender. This is the tide in my aflairs, Annt Belle (eagerly); help me with all your might through it. might through it.

Miss P.—If Mr. Gray did not exist, would you marry this man?

Miss G.—Yes, indeed! You see he has everything

marry this man?

Miss G.—Yes, indeed! You see he has everything I like—a distinguished air, fortune and family. You look disgusted, but such things have to be considered. With all these advantages, he is as unworldly as Dommie Sampson. There is really something noble and uncommon about him. Most of the men I know affect to be biase, and are really somethines quite rude in society. If they don't want to dance, why, they won't. Now he is not rude to any weman—the oldest, or poerest or plainest; not priggish in the least, but a real knight, sams reproche. I do admire him with all my heart, enthusiastically). Miss G.—Ah, but now that he is coming to the point, I am frightened and perplexed. I dread seeing him, and am not happy at all. Hark, Annt Belle, that's his ring! Don't go. I entreat you not to go. Take this book (hastily threating a volume into her lands); it is new, and ever so nice. (Unlocking the door sofely, and coming back to the fire). Let uothing tempt you to leave, or even to stir from this room, if I am gone for hours.

Baptiste—Mr. King, ma'am.
Miss G.—Very well. Now, Belte, promise me. (She goes out.)

IV. The Drawing room: MR. KING, MISS GERARD. Mr. K., a little confused-I was so sorry you were not at home, Miss Gerard, and took the liberty of making an appointment. I hope I have interfered

with no engagement.
Miss G., with some constraint-O, no! I had no Mr. K.-I have been thinking that perhaps I am altogether wrong in appealing to you; that I should nave seen your father or mother. (He comes to a full step, and looks at his companion for a little

to a full stop, and looks at his companion for a little encouragement.)

Miss G. soliloquizes—I am the person generally appealed to. In this land fathers and mothers are the last to be consulted. (Says nothing.)

Mr. K., sensewhat repulsed, not meeting the assistance he expected—You are so direct and straightforward, I am sure you will put me out of my misery as soon as possible.

Miss G., to herself—This is explicit enough, but what can I say? I cannot tell him to come to the point. (She looks up cognetishly). Thank you for thinking me straightforward. I am so unaccustomed to be complimented on my moral qualities, you see.

an open first. Come Annt Belle, come your milded large than the Work with a London to condition the article of the Work with the Work with the Work was not to be seen but a condition to the property of the work which the third the state of the work which the strength of the work which the the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the receivable of the work which the present of the pre reatest charm. To read her every thought a her ace, to watch her natural, unstudied movements, t has been perfect rapture!

Mass G-Where have you had such opportunities of studying Hersie?

of studying Bersie! Why, I am continually here, you know: then I go every Friday night to the private dancing class. Eve met you there, Miss

Gerard.
Miss G., as if penetrated with a new idea—Oh!
Mr. K., with enthusiasm—She dances beautiful Miss G. as if penetrated with a new idea—Oh!
Mr. K., with enthusiasm—She dances beautifully,
and enjoys it so much, smiles and shows those exquisite little teeth.
Miss G., rather frigidly—Hessie's personal attractions appear to have great weight with you.
Mr. K., eagerly—Oh, no! you are mistaken thesitates; at least I'm not conscious of it. She is so
kind, goed and innocent, so ready to admire what
is bice in others. I wish you could hear her dilate
on your perfections, Miss Getard. Then she likes
me for myself. If I were a hod-carrier, she'd like
me.

me for myself. If I were a hod-carrier, she'd like ms.

Miss G., smiling-1 think not.

Mr. K.—You know what I mean. I am myself to her-forgive me for speaking of it again—not a good match.

Miss G. apparently compelling herself to speak—
Besslet as great deal more than you have said.
She is bright and original, well informed, too.
She startles me sometimes with her knowledge, and abashes me with her questions.

Mr. K., enthusiastically—Of course she is! Her passion for study shows ability, and, as you say, her questions occasionally are very discomfiting. She can be irresistibly funny, too. (After a pause) You see Miss Gerard, these are her attractions—not merely dimples, white teeth and a lovely color.

M. ss. G.—But without the white teeth and lovely color?

Mr. K. shrugs his shoulders Who knows? Yet 1 Mr. K. shrugs his shoulders—Who knows? Yet I cannot imagine, even if she should have smallpox, not loving Bessie. But, dear Migs Gerard, how I must bore you with these rhansodies! I'll let you go after a few hints and instructions. You must wile the secret from Bessie of her extraordinary conduct. It she has not some feeling for me, why did she weep so briterly? Why lid such pangs rend her little heart? She acted as if I were married, and belonged to somebody else (triumphanidy I,'ve hit it! However (after a pause, in a depressed tone), it is useless to theorize.

Miss G.—Come this evening, as you wish as soon as possible to be put out of suspense. I shall probably have some information to give. At any rate, come, even on an undertainty. (They rise, shake hands. Mr. King leaves the room.)

The Library: MISS PHILLIPS, MISS GERAED.

The Library: MISS PHILLIPS, MISS GERARD. Miss Phillips had been waiting over an hour. It seemed a week. The ever attentive Baptiste brought in a little lunch. She thought impatiently of a thousand things sile wanted to do. Miss Gerard enters, looking pale and excited.

Miss P.—Do I behold the future Mrs. King ? Miss G.—You do not; yet the future Mrs. King is probably under this roof.

Miss P.—You amaze me. I shall begin to think he wants to marry me, and has employed you as a go-between.

Miss G.—You have hit somewhere near the truth, but it is not you. Compose yourself, and listen.

but it is not you. Compose yourself, and listen. He wants to marry Bessie! What, little Bessie]Fairchild that baby Miss (i.-Baby or not, she's managed to make him, the best match in town, dead in love with

Miss P.—Why didn't you suspect it? Where has he seen hot?
Miss G.—Here, at the private dancing-class, everywhere, and apparently they both have made good use of their opportunities. O Aunt Belle! It was like a play! Think of my going in, coy, conscious, embarrassed, agitated as to what answer! should give; he plainly, that I could see at the urst glance, on a lover's errand, and that it should be Bessle! Miss P .- Why didn't you suspect it? Where has

Bessie!

Miss P.—You laugh! You really are amused!
Then you cannot be very much disappointed.

Miss G.—Perhaps I laugh hysterically; but you see
—don't look cross, Anut Belle—there's Mr. Gray.
Bat let me tell you. He said a thousand things I
liked, some I aidn't like; for instance, he went on
ad nauscam about Bessie's perfections, which was a
bore, you know, particularly under the circumstances. But the point was this—
Miss P.—Yes, do come to the point. I'm in a
hurry. You say I'm equical; certainly no cynic
would have waited, glued to a chair, for nearly two
hours. I was so impatient, I felt like bursting in
apon you.

Miss G—The point was that when he offered himself or home, in the laws this mornious, severated of the property of the laws this mornious, severated the property of the prope

the story.

Miss P., rising to take leave—I confess to a feeling of disappointment. I am not interested in blushing, dimplied Bessie; but you have not disappointed in. Blanche; you have acted like—what shall I say !—like a brick.

gother, converse in a low tone in a remote corner.

Mrs. D., significantly in a whisper-How pleased

Mrs. D. significantly in a wal-per laboral be!

Mrs. G.—Yes; nothing could be more satiable; age, position, personal advantages; indeed, advantages of all kinds. I've seen it for a long time. He has haunted the house; this is the second call to day. Strange that Blanche has not confided in me; she is so odd with a sight.

Mrs. D.—I took a nar after our drive, and have agen her; but she certainly, at present,

carcely seen her; but she certainly, at present, as a confidential, amiable air, which is unusual, o gentlemen.

Muss G., in her corner—Bessie did not acknowhelge it in so many words, Mr. King; but there is no doubt in my mind as to her reply. She was la-boring under an hallucination when you saw her this

morning under a maintenance with the morning.

Mr. K., eagerly—Tell me—is there any reason, Miss Gerard, why you cannot tell me what it was?

Miss G., slightly embartassed, bestates: then, with a downright air—You call me straightforward; perhaps my frankness will shock you. The truth is, Mr King, she thought I was the object of your flattering regards! (Then, as if alarmed at her disclosure). But come, I'll take you to her. She is

, perplexed-1 don't think i exactly com Mr. K., perplexed—I don't think I exactly comprehend. She couldn't have heard of the Gray affair, then't Am I impertment?

Miss G.—No. As you say, she had not heard of the Gray affair (prenouncing the mains with dimentify; it was before her time.

the Gray affair (pronouncing the name with dimculty); it was before her time.

She seems agitated.

Mr. K., eagerly seizing her hand—Miss Gerard,
please sit down again. I have something to tell
you. I was moning about just before dinner, dying
for time to pass, so that I could come here; when,
to my great surprise, I encountered Gray. He arrived in to-day's steamer. He was radiant at seeing of
me, knowing my intimacy here, and, in the space of
feve minutes, contrived to fina out that you were
unmarried, and that I was just then on tenterhooks, awaiting Bessie's decision. Under his skilful
manipulation out it all came! Never was a man sebrimful of hope and fear. He was incoherent,
agitated, quite beside himself.

Miss Gerard blushes violently, then grows pale.
Mr. King, sympathetic, still containes to hold her

Mr. King, sympathetic, still continues to hold her hand. The elder ladies look on in astonishment. A ring stattles them. They rise, cross the room. Baptiste enters with a card. Mr. King cannot

esist a glance.
By Jove, it's Gray! I fly. Bessie, you say, is in the Horary.

He disappears through a side door as Mr. Gray, with palld face and eager outstretched arms, approaches Miss Gerard.

VII.

VII.

The Prawing-room: MISS GERARD and MISS PHILLIPS; ofterwards RESSIE and MR. RING.

Miss P. enters precipitately—Blanche! what is it?
I can scarcely breathe for harry and fright! Coming home from church. I find you have been there—
that you were distressed at my absence, and left
this incoherent note begging me to come directly to
you. Baptiste admits me with an air of mystery;
and here you are, entirely metamorphosed, not a
trace of animation; you do not utter a word!

Miss G, smiles reassuringly, a lovely color surfuses her face—O Aunt Kelle!

Miss P., shaking her—You tiresome girl! What
is it?

Miss G.—Mr. Gray!

Mas P., shaking her—You tiresome girl! What is it?

Miss G.—Mr. Gray!
Miss G.—Mr. Gray
Miss G.—Br. Gray!
Miss G.—Br. Gray H. Mr. King. Hein both was an included—Br. Gray H. Art He day to these gases, and asked to be brought back to my cell.

THE TRADE IN FIREWORKS.

TALKS WITH MANUFACTURERS—THE EFFECT OF THE Mr. Gray H. Art Hein both was dealers on the sudded of the soldiers, exposed all the day to these gases, and asked to be brought back to my cell.

At the opening of the Soldiers, exposed all the day to these gases, and asked to be brought back to my cell.

northern face of the reduct is very dark in both stores.

The floor of the cells is covered with a painted felt, and the walls are double, so to say; that is, they are covered also with a felt, and at a distance of five inches from the wall there is a from-wire net, covered with a rough linen and with yellow painted paper. This arrangement is made to prevent the prisoners from speaking with one another by means of taps on the wall. The silence rathese felt-covered cells is that of a grave. I am just now in a cell. But the exterior life and the life of the prison reaches one by thousands of sounds and words exchanged here and there. Although in a cell I still feel myself a part of the world. The fortress is a grave. You never hear a sound, excepting that of a sentry continually creeping like a bunter from one door to another, to look through the 'Judas' into the cells. You are never alone, as an eye is con-The Drawing room: MRS. GERARD, MRS. DUNCAN, MISS GERARD, and MR. KING.

Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Gerard's mother, reclines in a large chair. She is a lovely cld lady, with silvery hair soft blue eyes, and a faint pink still in her checks. She has a serene and tranquit air, as if nothing had ever discomposed or troubled her. Mrs. Gerard is occupied with her crimson knitting. Miss Gerard and Mr. King, their heads close to gether, converse it a low tone in a remote corner. terrupted only by the belts of the clock which pla every quarter of an hour a Gospodi posicilai, each hour the canticle Kol slaven mass Gospodi's Saay and each twelve hours a God save the Isor in addition

and each twelve hours a God sure the Lier in addition to all this. The cacopinony of the discordant bells is herriole during rapid changes of temperature, and I do not wonder that nervous persons consider these bells as one of the plugues of the fortress. The cells are heated by means of large stoves from the corridor outside, and the temperature in the cells is kept exceedingly high, in order to prevent menture from appearing on the waits. To keep such a temperature, the stoves are shut my very soon with burning coals, so that the prisoner is usually apply stated with oxide of carbon. Like all Russians, I was accustomed to keep a high temperature of 61° to 64° Fahrenbeit in my room. But I could not support the high temperatures of the for ress, of 61° to 64° Fahrenheit in my room. But I could not support the high temperature of the fories, and sail less the asphyshating gases; and arier a long struggie I obtained the concession that the stoves should not be shut up very hot. I was warned that, the walls would be immediately covered with moisture; and, indeed, they soon were dispining in the corners of the vanit; even the painted paper of the front wall was as wet as if water were continually pouned on it. But, as there was no choice but between dripping walls and exhaustion by a bath-like temperature, I chose the former, not without some mean venience for the lungs, and not without acquiring rheumatism. I afterwards learned that several of my friends who, kept in the same bastion, expressed the firm conviction same basion, expressed the firm conviction that some mephtic gas was sent into their ceils. This rumor is widely spread, and has also reached Mr. Landsell; and it is the more remarkable as nobody has expressed the suspicion remarkable as nobody has expressed the suspicion of having been poisoned otherwise; for instance, by means of the food. I think that what I have just said explains the origin of this rumor; it order to keep the stoves very hot for twenty-four hours they are shut up very soon, and so the prisoners are asphyxiated every day, to some extent, by oxide of carbon. Such was, at least, my explanation of the suffocation which I experienced the support of the suffocation which I experienced the support of the suffocation which I experienced

tent, by oxide of carbon. Such was, at least, my explanation of the suffocation which lexperienced nearly every day, followed by a complete prostration and debility. I did not notice it after I had succeeded by ceaseless efforts in getting the hot air conduit leading into my cell snut up altogether.

The food, when General Korsakoff was commandant of the fortress, was good; not so substantial as Mr. Lansdell says, but very well cooked; afterward it became much worse. No provisions from without are allowed, not even fruit—nothing but the calactal (white bread), which compassionate merchants distribute in the prisons at Christmas and Easter—an old Russian custom existing until now. Our friends could bring us only books. Those who had no friends were compelled to read over and over again the same books of the fortress library, which contains the old volumes left there by several generations since 1826. As to breathing fresh air, it is obvious that it could not be allowed to the amount mentioned by Mr. Lansdell. During the first year of my confinement I walked half an hour or forly minutes every day; but during the second year, as we were nearly sixty on the bastion, and as there is but one yard for walking, and the darkness, under the sixteeth degree of intitude, comes at 4 p. m. in the winter, we walked but twenty minuffes twice a week during the winter. I must add also that, owing to the ineary white smoke discharged by the chimney of the mint which dominates the yard, this walk was completely poisoned during the east winds. I could not support on such occasions the continual coughing of the soldiers, exposed all the day to these gases, and asked to be brought back to my cell.

season is a triffe slow, as in all other departments of busi ness, and needs a little forcing. It is too early to tell yet what the figures will show, but I think that by the end of the season the results will foot up about as large as last year. The new tariff, which goes into effect ou July 1, changes the duties on an imported fireworks. While formerly the duty range 1 from 30 to 100 per cent ad valorem, it is now 100 per cent on everything in our line. Of course the importations for the present season have already been received, and, however the charige may affect importers and dealers, there will probably be no change from last year in the retail prices.

"This Fourth," continued Mr. Mapes, "ought to be more generally celebrated than any since 1876, for while

more generally celebrated than any since 1876, for while that was the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, 1883 is the centennial of the sakinowiedgment of our independence and the disbanding of the Revolutionary Army at Newburg. For this reason I Intent to petition the Board of Aldermen to allow the use of fireworks in New-York on Monday and Tuesday, July 2 and 3, as well as on Wednesday the Fourth. It the Mayor of Brooklyn could allow fireworks on the opening of the Bridge, it would seem still more appropriate that New-Yorkers should be allowed to celebrate the real centennial of our independence. Those who deal in fireworks have to conform to United States, State and municipal regulations, and it bandly seems just that the city should step in at it does to interfere with us after that. Our Chinese fireworks we lamport direct, and our own pyrotechnics are made at East New York, where we employ 1000 and with the city should step in at it does to interfere with us after that. Our Chinese fireworks we lamport direct, and our own pyrotechnics are made as East New York, where we employ 1000 and with the city should step in as it does to such serpents, hoppers and union torpodoes as have been found dangerous. We sell thousands of grosses of paper-carpistods annually, which are entirely harmiess. In these pistois we have a great number of new styles, for we can make any design in cast from that can be drawn on paper. Here are the tirer pistoi, the butting match, the 'shoot the hat, and the 'Sambo, who by a grotesque somerset explodes the cap, and the allignior, by the sampling of whose jaws the same operation is performed. Here is the Oscar Wilde hombshell; Oscar's head anaps the cap on attriting the floor. Here is a new and entirely safe cannon for firing off erackers. We have a large domain and his Newburg heads and the paper and the content of the works in the world. Their works over seven serves of ground and they employ 300 hands at Great his world and they contribute of about 87,000. A man for the ne that was the centennial of the Declaration of Indepen-

"BOUNCERS" AND BODY-GUARDS. . A GLANCE AT SOME PECULIARLY LOW LEVELS OF

CITY LIFE. Some little time ago a man well known in theatrical circles had a dispute with another member of that large and increasing class. The cause of the trouble may have been trifling or it may have been serious; the result was that personal violence was threatened on the part of the actor. The manager therespon appeared in public with a rather bulky individual who was unknown to any of his intimates and who was introduced when introduction became a necessity as "Mr. Mulcahsy." The report then gained circulation that the manager had hired a "slugger" to protect him from the possible hard hitting of the actor. The latter was in about a week compelled to leave town to fulfil his eugagements, and concurrently with his departure "Mr. Mulcahey" ceased to join the manager at the festive bar.

A TERBUNE reporter was struck with one point in this little anecdote when it was told him. Was it possible for a man to secure the services of another to guard him for a man to secure the services of another to grand hird against violence, or could any one, as was asserted by a friend of the setor to the reporter, even hire a man to at-tack some obnoxious person and "down" him! The matter seemed worth looking up, and some curious ex-periences were the result of the said process of "looking up." Cautious inquiry revealed the fact that a certain " Mike," whose surname need not be given, but who is employed as "bonneer" at a certain up-town "Garden.' could impart much information on the subject. Armed Mike," who was found in the congenial operation of showing an inebriated young clerk with a gray frockcoat and a dinied white hat, the way to the door, the manner of the showing consisting in a vigorous applica-tion of two museular arms and an accompanying volley of un-Scriptural expressions. "Mike" proved to be a rather good-looking young man with mild brown eyes and a drooping fair mustache, whose broad shoulders and quick agile movements alone hinted at his protes-sion. "Glad to see yer, str," said he in a rather hoarse voice. "Set right down there alongside of the music an 1'll be pleased to chin yer in a minute," and he made a

audden rush to part two frail combatants who were having a little argument of hair-pulling and scratching in one corner of the L-shaped room. The reporter threaded his way through the lines of crowded tables and found that the table "alongside of the miste" was vacant, apparently owing to the fact that the big dram was at ear-splitting closeness. In a short time "Mike" appeared and announced himself as ready to talk business. "Are there nen as it be hired to purtect a gen'leman f Well, I don't know none." A little hard questioning, however, elicated the following:

self as ready to raik business. "Are there men as it be hirsel to purteet a gealleman? Well, I don't know none." A little hard questioning, however, effected the following:

"Well, now, don't give us so much tooth, but say clear an same what you're artier. If yer want a gealleman as'il drop 'round sociable like with you or yer friend, who thinks he's been looked for by another man, and you or yer friend is ready an' willin'to nuture the stamps, why I think I can introjuce yer to a 'triend of mine as il do it. You understand though that my friend il jest drop 'round sociable-like with you or yer friend as is bein' looked for, an' if there's a row why it's only unteral that he'll take your part or yer friend's part. But if you want a man as'i slux any one you polot out to him just for a 'boodle' and without pickin' no quarret, why I can't help a varonos A, but they ain't respectable. Do I know their names! Why, yes, I gasess I could remember them if it were my interest to, but I don't consort with such a low-lived lot myself and I couldn't say as they'd treat any one square I sent to thom."

The reporter was finally introduced to a young man dressed in a tweed shit who for \$20 a week and "drinks and such" ("such" meaning board and lodging; would condescend to act as body-guard against the apocryphalice. A dry piece of paper was also oplashed on which a name and an address over on the cast side between the Bowery and Second-ave, was acribied in a hierothell bower and second to the "fourth floor front, left hand door." It was dark and progress up the rick-ely tails was slow and deleterious to limbs and clothing. However the fourth floor was at last reached, and after two wrong doors had been rapped at Mr. Sul

INHALATION OF AIR EXPLAID BY CONSUMPtives. - Fresh proof of the danger of inhaling air exhaled by persons having lung diseases has been given by a characteristic French experiment. M Giboux took four young, healthy rabbits from the same litter, and kept them for one hundred and five days to cages, as follows: Two were placed in a cage where they were obliged to breathe the air expired from animals with consumption, twice a day for two hours; in a short time they became sickly, and on withing then, they were found to have theoretes in the image. The other was breathed twice a may the same sir, but dismission by being passed through outon we doing heptermate; with carbolic acts; there rability remained in good feasib, and were finally caten by the experimentar.